My riches to the earth from whence they came :
But my unſpotted fire of Love to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice ; read the concluſion then :
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou prove proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe,
Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aske advice of any other thought,
But faithfulneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed :
I ſought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe ;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, reſolve it you.

Sharpe phyſicke is the laſt ; but O you powers !
That gives heaven countleſſe eyes to view mens acts,
Why could they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I lov'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill :
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate :
You are a faire Vyoll, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw heaven downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell onely danceth at ſo harſh a chime.

Good

Good ſooth, I care not for
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, tou
For that's an article withi
As dangerous as the reſt : y
Either expound now, or re
Peri. Great King,
Few love to heare the ſinn
T'would braid your ſelfe
Who hath a booke of all th
Hee's more ſecure to keep
For vice repeated, is like th
Blowes duſt in others eyes,
And yet the end of all is bo
The breath is gone, and the
To ſtop the aire would hur
Copt hills towards heaven,
By mans oppreſſion, and th
Kings are earths gods : in v
And if *Jove* ſtray, who dar
It is enough you know, and
What being more knowne
All love the wombe that th
Then give my tongue leav
Ant. Heaven that I had i
But I will gloze with him.
Though by the tenour of yo
Your expoſition miſ-interp
We might proceede to cou
Yet hope, ſucceeding from
As your faire ſelfe, doth tun
Fortie dayes longer we doe
If by which time our ſecret
This mercy ſhewes, wee'l j
And untill then, your entert
As doth befit our honour, an

Per. How courteſie would

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